

# Need Jesus

Tech N9ne

Let ye cast no judgement upon thy neighbor  
Before the beam of thy own eyes have been cleansed  
In the wicked ways of the world  
God gives the remission of all of our sins

When I was a young one the preacher put oil on my sixth chakra  
He knew when I was older I'd wanna follow 2Pac and Big Papa  
They thought I was so devilish in the dark I would listen to sick opera  
But this choppa will be reppin' the city where RDV's Young Rich and Slick's  
got ya

Well in peace

I don't know why they wanna call me up every Easter Sunday to the altar  
Maybe the music I am doin' is never gospel, sinner is what they call ya  
I know we look a little strange and we the gang my lane is what I offer  
3 dimensional altar with a ego on top of the rock of Gibraltar

I see-e, it's not the way the bible people want me to be-e  
Flippin' the fire for the family focused and free-e  
Listen to me-e doing it for T.V-e  
With the rebel yell, came out of my shell  
Preacher said tell your people let go of your coat-tail  
With a tremendous fail he never to say my livin'll sell  
But even worse said I lead my people to Hell's Bells  
Lookin' at me just like my mother and father would breed creatures  
Not an evil bone in my body and never known to be naughty in my seeds either  
Simple and plain like a cheese pizza  
I don't know prayin' on my knees keep us from heat seekers  
Lovin' the bleed feature while the people tell me that I need Jesus!

Talk about, judgement  
Speakin' to me with the people I'm leadin' em underway  
And you read me and see me easy to be shunned away  
But you got it all wrong  
You seem to tell me I need Jesus! (oh, Jesus! Jesus!)  
Every day they wanna condemn me  
None of 'em even know me  
Anyone ever that sinned cast the Stone out  
I'm stoned, let's talk about it

I'm askin'

What's happening?

Boy, cause they bashing me

Bangin' the bible, butcher boy don't bother with blasphemy

Call em a crazy critic comin' causin catastrophes

Aimin' at Aaron a lot of ammo and an angel actually

Ah mane, Amen

You people let the steeples speak in evil and the neezle playing God hymn

My mother was a Christian but I used to go with the wicked for the stick and  
what's the problem

Questioning the K.O.D.'s grim, anybody talkin hella crazy I'm bout to jaw th  
em

You'll be up on a cross whenever you step to me so take precaution

Y'all false actors, callin' me a demon when I talk backwards tihs pot

Tecca Nina gonna be sought after this drop by the people that go toss rapper  
s hip hop

So you thinking you religious?

When you condemn another man you never lead us

Telling me what's under me is gonna heat us  
Never believe ya cause really you need Jesus  
Leave us

Talk about, judgement  
Speakin' to me with the people I'm leadin' em underway  
And you read mesee me easy to be shunned away  
But you got it all wrong  
Let's talk about it

Mama never really talked about God  
All that I was ever taught was I'm odd  
Heard he knew bout every thought that I had  
Dirty mind I'd see a cross and I'd hide  
Lost without dad, salty bout that  
But I was captivated by the bosses outside  
I plotted every way to get in drawers with my squad (church)  
Ask round why every man goes  
Bad habits to pass down like second hand clothes, mad  
Salvage a blouse, gown, and manicured toes  
Had half of us ground bound for hell and lord knows  
Need a savior they say slayed for your behavior  
Raised in three days, grace be what he gave ya  
The Son of the maker, one to gravitate to  
Pay 10 percent cause sins ya didn't pay for  
Bow to a name insane fast, he told the  
Vows to a dame, the tame Casanova  
Wow did it change and came crashing, poser  
Doused in the flames and bang chapter closure  
Spiritually drained, crass and vulgar  
Needed somewhere to go until rain passes over  
Seeking a miracle from a stained-glass Jehovah  
But I don't know if the ordain pastor sober  
Dang in disdain prayed in vain  
Care slain yo, explain do anything  
Lay hands, but role playing, you entertain  
Doubt, pain, processin' grow in the brain  
It's confusing, now my fans out protruding  
Rebuking, from mouths full of communion  
Scorn by lukewarm kind, it's time you've been warned  
The Storm formed, now find refuge in...